

Good Morning 383

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

These Pubs have "Poetic" Licence

HAVE you noticed how many publicans believe it pays to advertise—in rhyme?

A miner, injured in a pit accident, who became landlord of a public-house at Dudley, Worcestershire, put up this notice:

Stop, my friend, and stay awhile,
To help a lame dog over a stile.

That was something like the old soldier who took a pub at Kidderminster after losing a leg in war. The poetic effort with which he entertained his customers was:

A soldier's fortune, I tell you plain,
Is a wooden leg or a golden chain.

Tommy Birkett, who used to preside over the village ale-house at Troutbeck, Ambleside, bequeathed the world this poetic "gem," which at least amused his old-time customers:

Thou mortal man that livest by bread,
What made thy face to look so red?
Thou silly fob that looks so pale,
'Tis red with Tommy Birkett's ale.

A less-inspired landlord was content to put in his window:

Drink here
The best beer.

In the days when beer was only a penny a pint the landlord of an hotel at Buntingford

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate;
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

Ernest Dowson
(1867-1900).

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WAR OR PEACE—THEY HIT THE HEADLINES

by Howard Johns

THE old adage, "You can't keep a good man down," appears to be true in the case of many world-famous characters. In peace-time, with no paper restrictions, they made "the news" and the headlines. In war, with chaos and horror on all sides, many still get into the newspapers by their deeds, and it is of these men, all hailing from different walks of life, that I write.

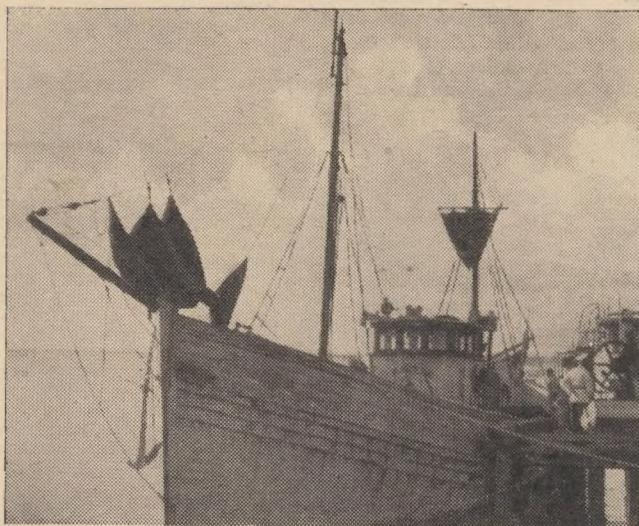
Remember the famous Grimsby trawler, "Girl Pat," and her equally famous skipper, "Dod" Orsborne? Under his command, the "Girl Pat," a 25-ton fishing vessel, sailed thousands of miles from Grimsby, across the Atlantic, to the romantic pirate coast of America—in search of treasure. Ships and aircraft sought the little trawler, but Orsborne, with only a sixpenny school atlas to assist him navigate, kept his little vessel on the move until her final surrender.

At the time it was appreciated by everyone that in "Dod" Orsborne the "Girl Pat" had a skipper second to none. In the early days of the war he was a motor-cyclist courier for the Ministry of Information; found his sense of adventure satisfied when he rode through the London blitzes. Later he volunteered for the Royal Navy, as an ordinary seaman. He said he hoped his identity would not be recognised—but they've been eyes in the Senior Service, and within three weeks he was employed teaching seamanship to petty officers!

Later, Orsborne was promoted to Skipper, R.N.R., with command of a trawler in the North Atlantic, to be followed by command of a Bristol Channel minesweeper. Then, without warning, he was transferred to Combined Operations. Now his task, as one of our greatest seamen, is to train men in the qualities required for landing armies and their equipment on enemy shores.

When people saw the headlines recently, "Girl Pat" Skipper's Training Men For Invasion," they wondered—then remembered. But then, no matter what Skipper Orsborne did on the sea would be news, for he has a habit of picking the jobs that call for daring.

So has Alex Henshaw. Remember him? He was the young fellow who flew to the Cape and back in his own



plane—wearing his carpet slippers! When Alex commenced his flight, "wise folk" shook their heads and said he was courting trouble.

But they were wrong—for he set up new records.

To-day, Alex still sometimes gets into the headlines, although his job as a test pilot, for the most part, means keeping in the background. But recently a newspaperman discovered that Alex must be among the most daring of all daring test pilots. "He does everything but set the plane afire to make sure it is in the best possible condition," a friend said. And in so doing he is earning the gratitude of the R.A.F. airmen.

So is another ace flyer who made history just before the war. Tommy Rose, as a "tester," has few equals—yet made the headlines when he narrowly escaped death. One afternoon, engaged on one of his usual "death or glory" trips, his oxygen failed when he was at a height of 18,000 feet—and Tommy did not recover consciousness until he was down to about 7,000 feet! He found that the throttle was closed, and probably owes his life to the fact that he must have shut it instinctively before "passing out."

In the world of sport many headline names of peace have cropped up during the war. One of our best-known speedway riders, and former world champion, Lionel van Praag was responsible for a great

feat which made the world headlines. A sergeant-pilot in the Royal Australian Air Force, he was on patrol when his plane got into difficulties and was forced down into the shark-infested Timor Sea. For twenty-five miles the great fighting speedway rider swam through the death-laden Timor Sea, eventually reaching land and freedom. He is once more in the fight.

What a story that made! You see, Lionel is the fellow who appears to dodge death on every side. He has been reported "dead" on three different occasions, in three different Continents, and suffered hurts that could be expected to kill the toughest guy. Once, after a bad accident on the race-track, he awoke to hear a doctor saying, "Another inch and he would have been killed outright. Perhaps he will pull through..."

Lionel van Praag obliged—to win further fame and headlines as a speedway champion—and fighter for freedom.

Bob Crisp, the South African Test cricketer, whose bowling feats used to be starred in the sporting pages of the newspapers, has gained further headlines—as a fighting tank-man.

Bob, winner of several decorations, has become one of the world's greatest tank fighters. In the course of Monty's great advance across the desert Crisp was always to the fore. Wounded

three times, and shaken up on many other occasions, he was always a source of inspiration to the men he led.

Bob Crisp, a deadly fellow with a cricket ball, has "bowled out" no fewer than 37 enemy tanks, at the same time being knocked out of 17 of our own.

Tall, good-looking, and a real fighting man, he is one of those chaps with the personality and spirit that makes them news no matter where they might be or whatever they do.

So is Frank Hough, the boxer, who used to delight fans before the war by crooning to them, win or lose, after a fight. A great fellow, he amazed Max Baer, when he acted as his sparring partner, by saying to the champion in the middle of a training bout, "Well, when are you going to start fighting?"

You had to see how small Frank was to the "Big Bad Baer" to appreciate this joke! For many months, until a few weeks ago, he disappeared. Then the headlines announced, "Frank Hough Returns"—but nothing was said until Hough came back, wearing the Military Medal, about his feats on the field of battle.

Then it came out that the Battersea boy who had the courage to go into Berlin, just before the war, and make "mincemeat" of some of Germany's best boxers, had been awarded an honour for keeping up the fight on the field of battle.

Like Bob Crisp, ever-smiling Frankie Hough is always "good copy" for the news-hounds.

So is Primo Carnera, former world heavy-weight champion. Primo, after being reported shot by the Germans—his first appearance in print for five years—has reappeared and made the headlines by leading an Italian guerrilla band.

Noel Coward is another "peace-time headliner" who often takes precedence over war leaders in the news columns. You see, Noel "has something," and can always be relied upon to get the better of any smart fellow who thinks he will try and better the brilliant playwright.

During his South African visit Coward gave a tour which resulted in soldiers' funds receiving many thousands of pounds. Up to £5 a seat was paid by some to see and hear him—he made the headlines once again.

In several ways some people tried to "have a dig" at Noel—and he made good news by outwitting them. For instance, some "jokers" used Coward's name to invite prominent musicians to the Capetown house in which he was staying. Instead of being furious—and some thought he would—Noel Coward invited his unexpected guests to have a good time—and they did!

As I said at the beginning of this article, it takes a lot to keep a good man down!

Here's your Pin-up Girl, A.B. Anthony Weaver

IT was three days to the nineteenth birthday of submariner A.B. Anthony Weaver when "Good Morning" called at 40 Park Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.

We found Mrs. Weaver, his

mother, and his three-year-old niece, Susan, busy packing up a birthday parcel. Susan was having the time of her life putting in little

odd things to make up the parcel. Even Pat, Tony's pet dog, was taking an interest, and when she saw Mrs. Weaver's home-baked birthday cake being packed away she cocked her head on one side as if to say, "Must that really go to my master, or can we start on it now?"

"Good Morning" decided they could not be out of this, so they asked Mrs. Weaver what would be the best present they could send to her son for his birthday.

"Well, if I was Tony," she said, "I would like a picture of a nice pin-up girl, and the nicest pin-up girl that I know is little Susan."

So we told Susan we were going to send her Uncle Tony a picture of her for his birthday, and Susan gave us one of her nicest smiles, straightened her pigtailed, grabbed Pat's lead, and took us out into the garden.

"Tony is Susan's favourite uncle," said Mrs. Weaver. "She is always asking about her Uncle Tony on a ship. When Tony comes home on leave—which is not very



often—they have grand fun together.

"She has promised to take good care of Pat until he comes back."

If it wasn't for Pat, little Susan would be quite a lonely girl. Her father—Tony's brother—is "in the thick of it" in Italy.

"Tell Tony all is well at home," said Mrs. Weaver, "and that by his next birthday we

hope to see him home with us."

We did not stay very long with your mother, Tony, because we guessed she is a pretty busy woman. Besides looking after the house and helping to look after Pat, she is still doing her three days a week helping to pack parcels for the Army, and one night a week driving a mobile canteen.

All at home send their fondest love, Tony. Good Hunting!



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Ron Richards takes you around...

The Mill, Coombe Valley, North Cornwall

FIRST impression the "foreigner" gets of Coombe Valley is that this is a place where people used to live once upon a time.

In the fields that grow bracken and thistles are remnants of wheelbarrows and buckets that have been de-

caying since the land was last cultivated—before most men remember. The trees grow wild and unhampered, and the wild flowers that poets have been to see to write about peek out through

tufts of green grass for their morning sun-ray treatment.

The birds sing for the sake of singing, and rabbits run a while, then sit, and then run on again, for a similar reason. Only the tarmac road is new, and this smells under the same sun-rays that make the leaves richly beautiful.

The road that leads from Bude and London takes one down to the sea. On the right, a mile before the beach, is a see-saw where kiddies play and often fall over backwards into the shallow, pebbly stream that runs under one end. There is a bridge there, too, that is worn in the centre.

If you pause at the bridge to read the notice on the stream bank that says mixed bathing in the nude is permissible, but only for birds, you could see, along the path, the first signs of commerce and civilisation.

Jack Osborne, who joined the Royal Navy three-score years ago, would be sitting there behind a log, chopping boughs into fire-chips and wedges. If you talked to him he would keep his clay pipe in his mouth and tell you about the sea and sails and the witches who used to be drowned down the hill at the bay.

You could pass him, and as you stepped round a tree you would see a gigantic water-wheel that turns the blade of a circular saw. At the saw, Claude Tape would be working

He is the seventh Tape in line to make farm implements from the trees that grow on the slope.

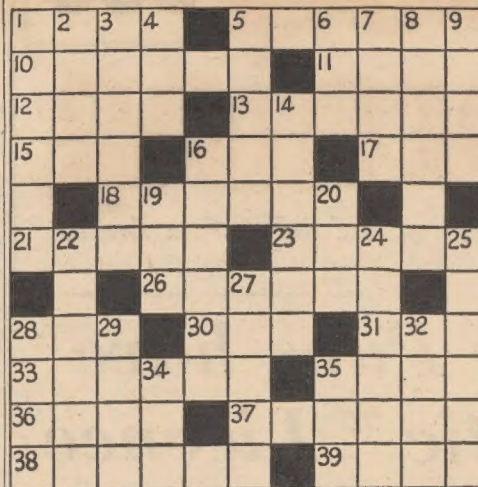
Assisting him would be some of his sons or grandsons or nephews. Claude would tell you about his family and his work. He is boss man and king of all the land he can see from any window of his cottage. He works the saw all the hours that are light to make tools and pit props that are vital for the war, in which some of his sons are fighting. After dark, he attends to other things.

He has a farm that produces eggs, cheese and milk for the outlying villages; he has orchards that grow fruit for the bit city dwellers who don't grow fruit; he has acres of corn that yearly feed peoples he has never seen, and he has a tea-shop where his wife and the other womenfolk of the family serve Cornish teas to those who find this haven.

When you sit in the barn or in the cartway to have your tea, you will see old, lazy men walking slowly with pieces of wood; they look like they have no particular place to take the wood and the rest of the time on the clock to get there; they have been doing that for years; they inherited the vocation. They will pass it down to their sons—such is evolution.

In the barn that was used by holiday-makers are skittles and darts, and furniture cut from the relatives of the oaks

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Hit with hand.
- 5 Sweet wine.
- 10 Boy's name.
- 11 Whittle.
- 12 Eager.
- 13 Motive.
- 15 Cask.
- 16 Confuse.
- 17 Wooden house.
- 18 Irate.
- 21 Famous.
- 23 Sullen.
- 26 Drank.
- 28 Cricketer.
- 30 Dull.
- 31 Old candle.
- 33 Dodges.
- 35 Small bundle.
- 36 Jeer.
- 37 Sound horn.
- 38 Niggardly.
- 39 Looked at.

WASP ROAMED
AWHILE BODE
LARGE SCONE
RYE ACT SAP
U DIVERGE L
SI MELEE BY
CAP LATER
HIS POM VIM
OCHRE SLIDE
CLEANS ELLA
KENT OUTSET

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Brandished.
- 2 Much enjoy.
- 3 Correctly.
- 4 Stuff.
- 5 Deserve.
- 6 Health resort.
- 7 Money.
- 8 On all sides.
- 9 Portable home.
- 14 Free.
- 16 Woman's title.
- 19 Fish.
- 20 Female rabbit.
- 22 Sort of acid.
- 24 Peculiar trait.
- 25 Barked.
- 27 Pale.
- 28 Entreats.
- 29 Wind instrument.
- 32 Piece of land.
- 34 Study.
- 35 Misfortune.

WANGLING WORDS—329

1. Put beneath in BLS and make mistakes.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Het zobee si rehow preache omec.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change **HIDE** into **SEEK** and then back again into **HIDE**, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the shellfish hidden in: **They live in Mountjoy St., Ermintrude having a flat there.**

that cast shadows across the path and up the wall.

Land Army girls use the barn now for messing, and they learn the technique of skittles as they learned to play darts in the pubs in the cities they came from. The roof of the main house and the barn are thatched and patched; the walls are clothed by roses and fuchsias that compete to grow fastest and furthest out of the wild flowers that grow in beds all around.

In this garden of England is the peace that is in the hearts of all Englishmen.

There has been no air raid siren sounded, and the foreigner would think the Tapes were neutral.



"You been at that Australian rum again, Wood?"

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 328

1. ACCurATE.
2. There'll Always Be An England.
3. HIVE, have, hate, hats, bats, bets, BEES, lees, lens, dens, dins, dine, dive, HIVE.
4. R-us-Sia, Can-a-da.

Observing the doctrine of Particular Election . . . and those who preached it up to make the Bible clash and contradict itself, by preaching somewhat like this: You can and you can't—You shall and you shan't—You will and you won't—And you will be damned if you do—And you will be damned if you don't.
Lorenzo Dow
(1777-1834).

He is very fond of making things he doesn't want, and then giving them to people who have no use for them.

Anthony Hope,
"Dolly Dialogues."

QUIZ for today

1. An aerie is a musical composition, bird's nest, Irish fairy, maze, small island, whirlpool?
2. Who wrote (a) The Merry Men, (b) Meg Merrilees?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Captain Corcoran, Captain Reece, Captain Cuttle, Captain Cook, Captain Kettle.
4. Who wore silver buckles on his knee?
5. Who were the Trojans?
6. In what county is Bray, famous for its Vicar?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Fraternise, Freightage, Feral, Fungus, Fore-sooth, Farsical.
8. What is the alternative title of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"?
9. Who was the Goddess of the Dawn?
10. What town in Palestine is famous for its oranges?
11. What is the geoid?
12. Who became the wife of (a) Napoleon, (b) Nelson?

Answers to Quiz in No. 382

1. Flower.
2. (a) Floyd Dell, (b) Ian Maclaren.
3. Wench is feminine; others masculine.
4. About 30.
5. Man of Steel.
6. (a) 5, (b) 5, (c) 8.
7. Forbearance, Foreshore.
8. 21.
9. Christiania.
10. Baden-Powell.
11. Lute.
12. (a) Queen Victoria, (b) Elizabeth Barrett.



SAILORS RACE IN DONKEY CHARIOTS.

Sailors attending an Agricultural Red Cross show watched civilians driving donkeys around the course. But the "tars" didn't think the civvies were making the most of their steeds, so they commandeered a few "mokes" to show local inhabitants how it should be done. Here they are, standing on the precarious duckboards, and obviously well on the way to being first at the winning-post.

★ ★ ★

JANE

The girls rise at dawn to take the refreshment van to the secret gunsite on Gibbet Hill



BEELZEBUB JONES

MORE VICTIMS FOR THE GREEVY PRIORY...HA! HA!



BELINDA

ON THE DAY OF THE CRICKET MATCH POOR BELINDA IS A MERE SPECTATOR...



WHAT A HOWLING SHAME, BELINDA!—AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO AGNES!—WE CAN'T WIN WITHOUT YOU ON OUR SIDE!



WHO'S GOING TO BOWL STYLEY OUT NOW?—SHE'LL SIMPLY PILE ON THE RUNS!



AND DESMOND'S PLAYING FOR THE STAFF!—HE'S A DEMON BOWLER—BODY LINE, MY DEAR!!



C.151.

POPEYE

IF ANY OF YOU HAVE SEEN PREVIOUS SERVICE, STEP ONE PACE FORWARD



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME MATCHES, SO YOU CAN LIGHT YOUR PIPE IN RANKS



RUGGLES

YOU KNOW IT WAS A VERY SILLY THING TO GIVE SUCH A SMALL BOY SUCH A LARGE CATAPULT!



BUT I'M SURE YOU DID IT WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS



WELL, LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING—AND TO SHOW WE'RE STILL FRIENDS YOU MUST COME TO OUR PARTY ON SATURDAY!



I HOPE MUMMY WASN'T TOO ANGRY!



C.151.

GARTH

WE MUST WAIT FOR KAREN TO TRANSLATE THIS DIARY YOU BROUGHT ME, M. GARTH!



YADITCH WAS OUR SIBERIAN GUIDE, AND PROVIDED OUR SAMOYED ESCORT—A USEFUL MAN!



HELAS!—WE LOST HIM DURING A BLIZZARD, SKI-ING IN THE MOUNTAINS



YOSHI WAS THE LAST TO SEE HIM ALIVE!



JUST JAKE

STRAP MY BREECHES, MR GUFF!—THAT WAS A PERILOUS PASS I PARRIED!!



WHY, YOU MIGHT BE LANGUISHING LACHRYMOSELY IN THE CRUEL, COLD COOLER BY NOW!



BUT TRUST A REILLY—FFOULL—AND ROBERT IS YOUR AVUNCULAR RELATIVE!



WAIT A MINUTE, YOU WEEDLING WIND BAG—



—DID YOU NOT SOCK ME UNCEREMONIOUSLY IN THE ART SHOW?



C.151.



A LECTURE on Russia by a British Army Major, to Conservative Taunton, was attended and listened to with the enthusiasm shown at Guildhall luncheons. Cautiously, Major A. Hooper opened by emphasising the beauty of England and the joy of return to this beautiful isle, and continued by praising the cleanliness of most Russian towns.

Regarding employment, he explained that no one was allowed to work more than seven hours a day. It was possible to own a house, but not to own land, because all land belonged to the people. Householders did not pay rent, but they paid not more than two per cent. of their wages for the upkeep of their houses.

Theatres were considered a part of the people's education, and were heavily subsidised and run at a loss. More Shakespeare was played in Russia than in any other country. As a point of interest, he mentioned that five Shakespeare plays were being staged in Moscow at the present time.



EVERYTHING was nationalised in the U.S.S.R., Major Hooper continued, and one could not buy goods at one price and sell them at another. What we called business they called theft. One-third of the proceeds of every organisation went straight to the Government in taxes, and the remaining two-thirds went back to the workers in wages. There was free medical service from birth to death and free education from eight to eighteen. Skilled workers were paid more than unskilled. Men worked until they were 60 and women until they were 55, and they received a pension of two-thirds of their wages.

Organisations employing women must provide creches for the children, who were taught two great lessons—self-discipline and self-reliance.

Describing the collective farms, Major Hooper remarked that seed was sometimes sown by aeroplane. In soil science, Russia led the world. They were now growing a perennial wheat.



IN a Fleet Street pub the other evening I broke into a group of photographers who were discussing birds.

Dixie Dean, "Daily Mirror" photographer, had the floor, and told the story of the visitor to his Palmers Green home—the laziest and hungriest fellow ever to gate-crash a home. He dropped in unannounced one morning, stared thirstily at the bottle of milk on the window sill, and stayed.

He's been there ever since, with no ration book, clothing coupons or personal effects. He produced no identity card, so the Dean family christened him Sam Scram. As lodgers go, he's the limit. Worms and bread are his diet, and he insists on being fed by hand.



Sam Scram was kicked out of his first home by landlady "Mrs. Thrush," who, as his mother, didn't think much of him.

Nicky, the tawny cat, resents the family addition, and slinks about with eyes balefully fixed on Sam. But Sam, safe in a home-made nest on the kitchen mantelpiece, dozes with indifference. The lodger weighs 20z., but the household scale tips more every day.

Story is odd enough in itself. That birds with wings should be the topic of such a gathering is history.

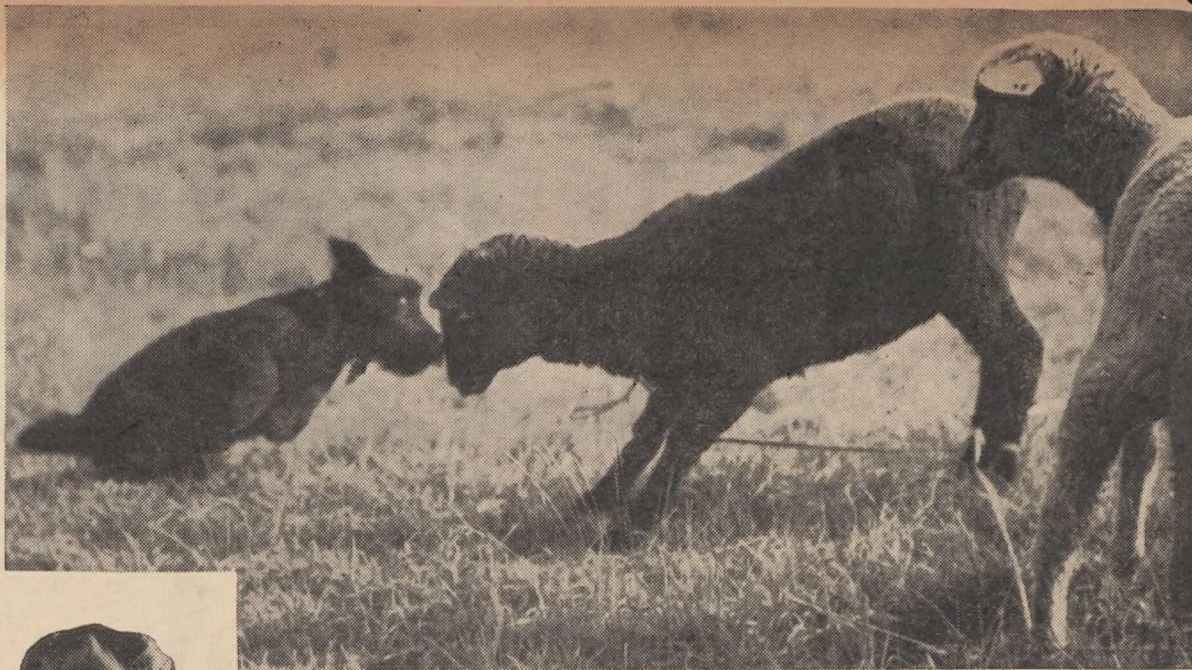


CAMDEN PLACE, Chislehurst, Kent, where Napoleon III, last Emperor of France, died in exile in 1873, was damaged by incendiaries in a recent raid. Trifle late again, what?

Ron Richards

Good Morning

THE LION AND THE LAMB.
Here's Harry the Hedgehog sharing his milk with Tibby, our tortoiseshell cat. These bright people are great pals.



"Gor, blimey, Scottie! What do you think you are? A spring lamb, an underdone twirp, or just yourself? Certainly these Welsh Wales sheep do not like you whatever."



"It's funny, you can't get young boys to wash behind their ears, no matter what—the little girls will stand over a basin and amuse themselves for hours."



Who wouldn't have an A.B. like this to help scrape the rudder, holystone the deck and bring us our early morning cup of tea!



"Oh, what big teeth you have, Grandma, and it's the first time we've ever seen reversible dimples in the knee, even through a concave mirror."



Bonnie Scotland

Sunlight and shadow by the river walk at Inverness, where the great castle on the hill dominates the scene.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

